PATE'S ANSWER.

- name is done; it is nearly dawn; to I stand in the darkened hall, two has covered the rolling lawn, over it roay shadows fall.

- The hoar frost has tipped the window par With a tracing delicate and fine. I turn away; then I look again, For here are letters in faint outline.
- letters. Written by fate or chance? ove two maidens, and sweet are they. I read my choice? A second glames, ck Frost has written both—Nan and Ma —Flavel Scott Mises.

THE MOON'S TRAGEDY

BY KATE JORDAN.

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CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas eve, and Nance was the last one of the cherus in the dressing room. The raw light from the unshaded gas jet flickered upon the bare, white walls and on her as she stood thoughtfully dropping the ronge, hare's foct and powder into the small black bug.

On the peg behind her hung the blue and after robe which, with asalaried smile, she wore nightly in "The Miksdo." It had a patient, lackadaisical expression, as if, like a sentient thing, it felt a certain degradation in being strung up by the neck when not wanted. Nance's dulled, dark circled eyes rested wistfully on it. She would never wear it again. To leave it was like asying goodby to a part of herself, but the engagement ended tonight, and the robe was the property of the management. Taking some of the soft, siky stuff in her small hands, she laid her cold cheek against it, and a mist rose over her burning eyes. The black butterflies and the strange, long throated birds on it were her only confidents.

"It is all over. It is over—over," she

only confidents.
"It is all over. It is over—over," she said, a breathless catch making the words remulous.

She thought of one face, of one voice that after tonight would be missing from her

When she reached the empty stage, she chanced upon a scene shifter who was sitting on Ko-Ko's dais where it lay with odd

bits of scenery in a corner.

"Hello, Thirteen!" he said, by way of greeting, pausing between bites of a huge sandwich. "What are you waiting for, Sammy?"

"What are you waiting for, Sammy?"
asked Nance.
"The new scenery is going to be set up for
nex' week's production. This time we're
a-goin to have tragedy here, like this:
'Hold off, Macduff! Marry, come up. I
trow!' No more opera this winter. I'm
mighty glad of it too. The plaguey tunes
keep goin round and round in me head
night after night:

Fer he's goin to marry Yum Yum, Yem Yum. Got another job yet, Thirteen?" he con-cluded, after a few light jig steps. "No: but something will turn up, I sup-pose." And Nance moved on. His next

A stain crept up her pale young cheek. "Yes, I knew."

"Yes, I knew."

"Ain't be a lucky dog, though?" and Sammy spread his grimy hands out. "Wasn't it enough fer to be given a voice like his 'thout failing heir to a lot of money and a castle throwed in in England? There'll be lots o' people who'll miss Lorance in America, I tell ye. He ain't like the folks in Ko-Ko's song what nobody wants around. He's a gentleman—that's what! He's got the nicest way of speakin to a man I ever hear. I don't wonder the girls keep writin to him. Why, 'mash' letters—well, his man jest sweeps them out! He don't pay no attention to them. He's too sensible. And"—here the culogy ended with this cloquent statement—"he gave me 65 tonight fer Christmas."

Sance felt an angry disgust with herself. he tried to silence the minor notes surg-ng in her soul. Why should she have this



wful, despairing feeling of conclusion? for life was not ended because Mark Lorses was about to disappear from it. This zera, with its exotic, oriental charm, was at the end of everything. She had always sen so deliantly proud, had kept herself so notless among temptations in the moral arkiness enveloping her, had breathed a tre other that might have been exhaled om her own soul, and to think that she at given her love, deeper, more passions than she had dreamed she could ever it, to a man who was not of her world, and hose life hereafter would be as far resved from here as if they lived upon diffant planets. What possible affinity add there be between Mark Lorence, aglish gentleman and famous singer, and mee Pattison, No. 13 in the chorus? As ahe sauntered on her eyes lowered, so was not aware until quite close that mebudy stood outside the star's dressing om. It was as if her thoughts had surposed him, for Nanki Poo, now in a shaggy sy overcost, was drawing on his gives a smilling at her.

"Good morning, for it's after 12," and he ag away his eigns. "A merry Christman you, Nance."

Why?

In a few moments they were on the street. It was a white night. Snow had fallen all day, had ceased but an hour or so previous, and now the sky was swept clear of clouds, the moon hung in the pure blue—a sphere of radiant pearl.

To Nance the moments held a shadowy costasy shot with pain. A sense of unreality sched her. It was more than marvelous that she should be walking by the side of the man she loved in the bright, enwrapping calm.

Her steps grew lighter, her touch insensibly deepened on Mark's arm, the windless frost stung her-cheek to a clear, faint rosiness. What words were those he spoke?

"I couldn't let you go, Nance, without some sort of goodby."

Goodby? The gayety fled, affrighted by that word. She could not answer. It was as if her heart would burst.

"I want to know something more about you," the carnest voice continued.

"Why should you care at all?" she dared to say.

The words that followed man invalently.

to say.

The words that followed were irresistibly tender, but Nance listened in vain for something in them to echo the riot of feeling in

thing in them to echo the riot of feeling in her own heart:
"Because, Nance, you have that in you that makes me care! I have not watched you for months for nothing. I am your friend always. That sounds like a stilted, stock phrase, doesn't it?" he asked, with sudden intensity. "But I mean it. It is maddening that a state of the maddening that as yet there is nothing to prove it. Except for this little locket which I bought today, you must take my friend-ship on faith. Will you wear this and not quite forget me, Nance, after I am gone?"



CALLED A TRIEF.

It was very pretty, the locket with the sapphire lying on its bed of turquoise blue velvet. One tear that fell heavily from her

"You are very good—very kind. I'll never forget you. I couldn't forget you," she said, and the effort to hide her tears made

her voice sound cold.

But Lorance seemed quite contented.

"Then we're friends. I care very much for what your life is going to be. I care very much, Nance: I wish you'd leave the stage. This is your first experience in the chorus. You feel self reliant, strong; all

it. Nance, I have lived; I have been through the mire. The wish to be strong, honor-able, t. ue, is not enough. You are intelli-gent, and there must be something else you

She made no answer. Every kind, unim-assioned word he said seemed to place

She hade no answer. Every kind, unimpassioned word he said seemed to place them farther apart.

They had reached her home by this time. It was a small red brick house on the outskirts of the French quarter. Mme. Forestier lived here in the basement with a cat and a bird. All the other rooms she rented to single lodgers. Nance was one of them. The dormer window facing a snowcapped spire and blinking like an eye in the white rays lighted the small place she called home.

The rest was like a chilling dream to Nance. Her one thought was to hide her secret still and say goodby without a tear. She heard Mark telling her where to write

She heard Mark telling her where to write in London if she was ever in any emergency; she felt the grip of his strong hand; she heard him say:

"Goodby, "Annee—dear little Nance, goodby," and then she knew she was alone, his Christmas gift in her hand, and that a measureless despair seemed suddenly to seize her like a palpable thing.

Let her grow to be an old woman, and she felt she could never know more intensely the meaning of life's saddest truths than she did, standing there, watching his retreating figure down the moon drenched street.

"Goodby, Nance-dear little Nance, good-The words were a requiem.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

Christmas eve in a tenement house. It was far down in the city among the crooked, narrow streets of the older portion of the town, near the wharves where once the prosperous wives of Dutch burghers goe siped and knitted.

The day was bitterly cold, sunny, dusty. Since morning clouds had trembled across the sun's face, and New Yorkers looked for anow.

snow.

Just as it came fluttering through the dying light of day from a thickly overcast sky, a young woman rushed from the tail, sordidly mean dwelling house, her torn cloak half shading the face of the babe on her arm. On her cheak there was a scarlet bruise as from a blow, and her eyes held much through an eomes to dumb animals in

bruise as from a blow, and her you bruise as from a blow, and her you much terror as comes to dumb animals instinctively scenting death.

She ran on, a pittful wreck of young womanhood, worn from poverty and the four-ful struggle for mere material customace, embittered and hearthardened from ill



blows, enough starvation! The brute—the brute! Oh, I seem still to see his red, sodden face so near—his surly curses ring and ring in my brain. Baby, do you think they've found him yet? It wasn't our fault, was it, that he stumbled and went over the cert stairs? Six flights down-ugh! He is ly-ing there in the shadow-I can see him-I can see him—still—so still—alone. He must be dead. Yes, he must be." She laughed and the sound was strange—

a mournful cooing that seemed to rise from

Terror enlarged her eyes as through the falling snow she saw a police officer approach—a man she knew.

"Hello, Nance! What are you doin out in the storm, hey!" he asked kindly.

Nance? Yes, it was she—three years older, three years sadder.
"It's Christmas eve," she faltered, forcing a smile, "and I wanted to show Teddy

"Got a bruise on your face again? Rad-ley's at his old tricks, eh? It'd be good for you if he died."

you if he died."

He did not guess what horror his words had aroused, but she bent her pinched, tremulous mouth down to the pale child's face, nodded and hurried past him.

"See that girl?" the officer asked of a friend who strolled up to him. "I've been watching her go down, step by step. This New York's a queer place, a terrible place. I sometimes stand on my beat here and watch the people pass. I know lots of them, and more about them than they think. Well, that girl just gone by has made a bad job of her life, a bad mess of it."

"She's pretty still, only a bit hungry look-

"She's pretty still, only a bit hungry look-ing and scared. The baby hers?" asked the listener.

"Yes, the poor kid. I heard her tell her story once to a police judge when her scamp of a husband was up for street fight-ing and she tried to get him off. It was like this: Three years ago she was singing on the stars ago. "Then we're friends. I care very much for what your life is going to be. I care very much, Nance: I wish you'd leave the stage. This is your first experience in the chorus. You feel self reliant, strong; all your impulses are toward the good. But you are alone in the world, Nance, are you not?"

She was almost awed by the whiteness and sterances of his lips.

"All alone," she said, with a touch of reck lessness.

"Then the self assurance in which you will be constantly misunderstood; you will touch pitch, even though you shrink from it. Nance, I have lived; I have been through it. Nance, i have lived; I have been through im. Lauk was against her. He lost even in the stage, and as pretty as a rose her face was. I remember seeing her in The Mikado.' Pretty? Well, that isn't the Wikado.' Pretty? Well, that isn't the world for it. She had such a baby look in her eyes and round her lips you'd never though ta man could have had the heart to self siek and lost her voice. She was all alone in the world and poor into the bargain. When she was hard up and desperate, she somehow met that fellow Radies in few years ago. He was flush with money, imitated the swells, lied to her, I guess, and pretty as a rose her face was. I remember seeing her in The Mikado.' Pretty? Well, that isn't the world for it. She had such a baby look in her eyes and round her lips you'd never though ta man could have had the heart to self list a man could have had the heart to self sick and lost her voice. She was all alone in the world and poor into the bargain. When she was hard up and desperate, who was mixed up with so many racing swindles a few years ago. He was flush with money, imitated the swells, lied to her. I guess, and pretty as a rose her face was. I remember seeing her in The Mikado.' Pretty? Well, that isn't the world for it. She had such a baby look in her eyes and round her lips you'd never though ta man could have had the heart to see was hard up and desperate, who was mixed up with so many racing swindles a few years ago. He was him. Lack was against her. He lost every penny when Lady Betty went under in the Suburban, and then he became like a nd, went from bad to worse, and now he has hardly a sober moment. They live in a terrible hole down by the bridge. He beats that poor little wife of his. Some night he'll kill her."

By the time this brief recital of her sad history was finished Nance had gone some distance up Broadway—a strange, hopeless gure among the busy crowd. In the shelter of a doorway she counted

her last coins. There were just 75 cents. When they were gone, what was left? Ah, what? Nance knew. She was taking her farewell of life today, and she would take it grandly, lavishly, spending all.

It was this feeling of reckless finality
that made her hall a car and sink into a

corner. At another time she would have suffered much before spending the money required for fare, but it seemed a small eration in view of this being the last

The familiar streets were coming. Soon they would pass the theater where she sang three years before. An uncontrollable magnetism to the spot made her alight and stand looking up at the brilliant crystal fantern in the lobby. How long ago the life there seemed! Was it only years since she had seen Mark Lorance? Not centuries since that white, winter night? Not anoth-



THE MOTHER AND CHILD. er existence since he spoke those words that seemed echoing still in her brain, "You will touch pitch, Kance, even though you shrink from it." Shrink from it! She had lived in it! The shafts of destiny had been too strong for her and had sent her hurling down, down.

Mark! Ah, she might think of him to day—this last day. She had been nothing to him. It was only the thought of what he had been to her that filled her heart.

The lobby was quite descripted, and her

**Read Free Process of Street Process of Catarrh of the families of miners who had been killed in a terrible explosion.

He was here! She might see him from afar off! She might bear him sing again! The hot tears clouded her eyes, but her heart grew determined. She paid for a seat—the poorest in the house—high up in the gallery.

Weeks, Denver.

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Ely's Cream Balm

the gallery.

After getting some milk for Teddy and a mouthful of food for herself, she returned to the theater. She was penniless now. But there was no fear of the future—there was to be no future. How peaceful the thought

The theater filled slowly, for she was very early, and it was late in the evening before Mark appeared. He looked just the same. Now that winter night did not seem so long ago. It was but yesterday, and she was No. 13 in the chorus. Amid the applause that greeted the singer poor Nancy's sob was unheard: "O God—to go back—to go back to that

face once, and the notes that rose throb-bingly from his lips she drank in like nour-ishment for her soul. ishment for her soul.

After his last song Nance rose unsteadi-

ly and made her way toward the stairs. She wanted to hear no other voice. That must be the rausic in her cars when she looked on Death's face. Poor Nance! She was under the sky again,





MARK TOOK HER FACE BETWEEN HIS HANDS. never to be forgotten walk, blue and silver with moorlight-just such a night, fresh snow on the streets, a hush and sparkle

She turned her face toward the river, and a shivering sigh broke from her lips. The moon seemed keeping pace with her, a cruel leer on its round face.

those passing you can read your heart—but I can. I will go with you; I will light the river's hollows for you and show you the deepest spot. The secret is ours, Nance." She lowered her head from the white hostility of the heavenly watcher, and Mark's imagined face rose before her, seeming to mock her misery with its flashing strength

From this bitter dream world she was aroused by a clamor of voices and the touch of a hand on her arm.

"You needn't play innercent. We seed yer snatch the watch!" she heard a voice say, and she became aware that she was the center of a crowd.

Her wast limb testered and the world.

Her weak limbs tottered, and she could

only gasp:

"Let me go! Let me go! I took nothing!
Oh, what do you megn!" and surely there
never was anything more pitifully lovely
than her eyes, big with fear and appeal.
She saw a man dressed like a gentleman
come hurriedly through the groups of chattering hors.

tering boys.

"Here she is, mister. She swiped the ticker. Ef she ain't got it on her, she trun

it away."

"It isn't true!" Names found voice to call out in a ringing tone. "Don't have me arrested. It isn't true—oh, no! no!"

What hand was that which suddenly gripped hers! What face came close to he changed, unhappy one? What voice apoke her name again and again in accents of unbelief, of amaze, of sorrowful tenderness and keen delight? Combines every element of beauty and purity. It is beautifying, soothing, healing, healthful, and harmless, and when rightly used is invisible. A most delicate and desirable protection to the face in this climate.

borhood agog with the news that Ernesi Radley had been found dead in the shadow of the lower hall where he had fallen.

Nanoc's slavery was over.

A few months later she was crossing the cosan to her English home, her husband beside her. The moon was making a mirror of the sea, and the white face shining from the cloudless blue was repeated in ev-

ery wave.

"I always feel guilty when I look at the moon," Nance said, a smile flickering across her lovely little face. "Give me your hand, Mark. I have a confession to make."

"This is a good place to ask forgiveness," he laughed. "My judgment is poor, my sentiment large under the moon, so fire

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"It's just this," and the soft voice grew heavy with a touch of the old sadness. "If you hadn't met me that Christmaseve, I would have killed both Teddy and myself. I was going to the river. That moon seemed to know just what I was thinking of. Now I feel better since I have shared the guilty secret with you."

Mark took her face between his hands.
"They say the moon is heartless, or she would blush for all the crimes she nightly sees. So I disappointed her when I saved you. I'd like to see you snap your fingers at her, the white witch!"

And she did.

I used Ely's Cream Balm for dry catarrh. It proved a cure. - B. F. M. Weeks, Denver.



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